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EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON THE SOUL or
THE TRANSCENDENT MANIFESTATIONS OF LIFE.

Translated from the French,

by Miss Berthe B. Bloch.
1881.

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EFFECTS OF TOBACCO
ON THE SOUL,

OR ON

THE TRANSCENDENT MANIFESTATIONS OF LIFE;

ITS INFLUENCE ON

CRIMINALITY, SUICIDE, SUDDEN DEATH, INSANITY.

EXTRACT FROM

DR. DEPIERRIS' SOCIAL PHYSIOLOGY.

TOBACCO, WHICH CONTAINS THE MOST VIOLENT OF POISONS,

NICOTINE:

DOES IT SHORTEN LIFE? IS IT THE CAUSE OF THE PHYSICAL AND
MORAL DEGENERACY OF MODERN SOCIETY?

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

By MISS BERTHE B. BLOCH.

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EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON THE SOUL.

I.

It is attempting a vast subject of hygiene and of morals to examine, if tobacco, which contains *NICOTINE*, the most violent of all known poisons, exercises an action upon our soul; if it has an influence on criminality, suicide, sudden death, insanity—the great accidents of our epoch.

And, nevertheless, it is but one of the most striking points of this inexhaustible question in regard to tobacco which, to-day, is debated between the passionate impulse of fashion and the logic of observation and science.

Never has a subject, so vain, so trivial in appearance, agitated so many interests, or raised so many contradictory discussions; for it may be said that it divides into two camps all mankind: on one side, its adherents, who number, at least, one fourth of the earth's population; and on the other, its opponents who, in abstaining from its use, protest, by example, against its pretended utility, or resolutely set forth its inconveniences and its dangers.

In a former pamphlet, extracted from my *SOCIAL PHYSIOLOGY*, and entitled, "*TRUTH ON TOBACCO*," I have given the history of tobacco; I have exposed how, by a fatal mystification, the poison of the Indians invaded Europe, under the pompous denomination of *CURARE*, which signifies, in Spanish, cure, or, by extension, panacea, a remedy for all diseases. I say mystification, for the experience of four centuries has demonstrated that tobacco never cures any disease; but, on the contrary, that it engenders an infinite number which can be attributed to it alone—to it, which has created in pathology a new morbid

entity, NICOTISM, as we call ALCOHOLISM the startling changes which the clients of distilleries present in their physical, intellectual, and moral constitution.

Here I purposely draw a line of similarity between nicotism and alcoholism; because among the people alcoholism exists so clearly that it is not even doubted for a moment. We have a true idea of the degenerated type of the drinker; whereas a great number of passionate consumers of tobacco, or those interested in its immense traffic, refuse to admit the existence of nicotism; they charge alcohol with many misdeeds which can be attributed but to tobacco.

In a word, we admit L'ABSINTHÉ and L'ALCOOLISÉ as a real individuality, as an existing type; but we doubt, and even deny, the NICOTINÉ.

And, nevertheless, these two forms of degradation in human qualities exist in such great proportions in the midst of all social classes, that the purity of our type is deeply altered by them, and the degeneration of which we, to-day, behold the symptoms, can not but increase in the future.

In a great many instances, these two types unite and are confounded in the same individual; for many smokers are constitutionally, fatally obliged to become drinkers. They drink to overcome the dullness into which they are plunged by tobacco.

And if, among this class of the seduced and the deceived by these two foolish passions, two distinct camps were formed—on one side the smokers, on the other the drinkers, a hundred smokers would be counted to one drinker. What is to be concluded from this approximate estimate? It is that these great social anomalies, which so sadly characterize our century, which, without them, would perhaps mark the apogee of humanity on this globe—it is that all these degenerations which afflict us should be attributed, in considerable proportions, to the pernicious effects of tobacco; for, before the reign of tobacco, drinking was indulged in as much as, and perhaps more, than to-day; our ancestors, who were not degenerated, were good livers; they did honor to the festive board; they ate well and drank still better; their gastronomic entertainments lasted for hours.

To-day, scarcely are we seated at the family table, or at the banquet of etiquette and of ceremony, than the guests hasten

to leave, to go and stimulate in the smoking-room the dullness of their stomachs, which tobacco has rendered dyspeptic; for with reference to many smokers, they digest badly if they fail to have for dessert their cigar or their pipe.

And notwithstanding, in these reunions, the ladies, who do not smoke, digest well, and they would digest still more agreeably, if these gentlemen, who withdraw themselves into the smoking-room, did not deprive them by their absence of the occasion of those charming conversations in which they so wonderfully excel, under the delightful animation which society offers, after a bountiful repast.

But smokers deceive themselves—they are not as dyspeptic as they suppose themselves to be, at least many amongst them. It is not the stomach which induces that simultaneous and sympathetic need which says to them: "Let us have a smoke." It is the brain, which, under the sway of a confirmed habit, demands an artificial stimulant to prevent it from falling into inertia. It demands these abnormal struggles of life against the poison; it demands that febrile agitation which is called reaction, which is, in a state of health, to a slight degree, what fever is in sickness, and to which always follow nervous subsidence and weakness.

We all have experienced this fever, which, in extreme cases, is the resistance of all vital energies against the cause of death. It overturns our brains by dreams and deliriums.

Those who seek after sensations in the artificial reactions which are caused by a great number of poisons, such as tobacco, opium, belladonna, ether, chloral, laughing-gas, chloroform, of which all, without exception, kill us, if their use is prolonged a little while; these lovers of tobacco, I repeat, are under the influence of this fever of elimination, of this struggle of life against the poison, which, to that moderate degree of absorption which they care to preserve, causes them these ecstatic sensations, that sort of comfortable feeling which they call the charm of weariness, the rest of fatigue.

Is it not better to call this trifling with life? For, what is necessary for these children, these men, who have between their lips the most violent of poisons, to perish instantly? It is necessary that they push to the extreme the sensations they experience; as would die a patient that is being prepared for

an operation, if he were made to absorb a too great quantity of chloroform or of some other agent that would suspend his sensibility.

So it is that tobacco suspends in us weariness and fatigue; but it also suspends our agreeable sensations, our appetites—the appetite of the stomach, the appetite of the senses, in benumbing or rendering unnatural our sensibility.

But sensibility is the purest manifestation of life; it is the soul in action. And when sensibility is distracted from its natural ways, when it raves, under the influence of a perturbing agent, as tobacco, the soul raves also.

Dr. Falret, an alienist, has written, with regard to delirium: “The variety of forms of delirium, under the influence of divers kinds of narcotics and spirits, is a remarkable phenomenon. However ignorant we are of the cerebral modification to which the particular kind of mental trouble corresponds, let us remember, nevertheless, that the action of stupefiers is far from being constantly the same.

“However, it is known, in a general manner, that every narcotic and spirituous agent develops more particularly certain moral, exalted, delirious dispositions; that wine excites to expansion, gayety, and confidence; whereas certain virulent poisons, as tobacco, plunge into ecstasy, fury, sadness, and discouragement. What mysteries in these phenomena of sensibility!”

So Falret, who wrote in the beginning of our century, was struck by the great part which the use of narcotics played in the production of divers follies which he already witnessed in his time. And, nevertheless, the adoption of tobacco was then but a rare exception in our habits. The well-merited discredit which it met generally, had driven back its use to the less cultivated classes of society.

There, the organism was far from feeling the narcotic effects so much as the more developed and sensitive nervous system of persons whom education and intellectual study have elevated to a superior degree of human perfection.

To-day, base and summit of our society, all are invaded by the epidemic of this passion; mankind degenerates by the continual effect of narcotism, as races degenerate by climate.

Also, is it in vain that civilization, progress, enlighten us? In-

struction, art, religion, morals, cultivate our infancy; we grow to puberty with all the germs of physical and intellectual qualities, which would permit us, by their development, to attain the apogee of our existence as men; but, at the entrance of our career, the ignorance of evil, the demon of temptation, the contagion of example, deliver us, without experience, to the seduction of tobacco.

Then, all these energies, which grow out of our young organism, as rays of light and life; all these enthusiasms for the beautiful, the grand, the true, which create art, literature, and science, all languish and vanish in the heavy vapors of narcotism. Nothing is left to the brain but numbness, impotence, and delirium, and to the heart, nothing but barrenness.

Let us observe in schools of superior instruction these young collegians of eighteen, who have conquered with facility and *éclat*, their first grade in the university, their diploma of bachelor of letters. The day they sacrifice to the god tobacco, all that is brightest in their nature abandons them; emulation, enthusiasm, ardor for study, power of conception, memory, all those activities of the mind which reveal genius, fall asleep in them!

Also, they are slow to acquire the amount of obligatory science required to arrive at liberal professions; they grow old in the faculties, nonchalantly picking up, without ambition, without self-love, some parcels of instruction strictly included in the programmes of examinations. They complete in eight years what they could have accomplished in four. And how many are they who never finish!

Dr. Bertillon, who has observed the effects of tobacco among students of the polytechnic school, who think too readily that a cigar gives a more manly appearance to those who carry a sword, has counted a hundred and two smokers in a promotion of a hundred and sixty pupils. He has observed that the number of smokers increases in a measure, as one descends to the ranks of the less capable. So, in the first twenty admitted, there was but one third smokers; but, on the contrary, in the last twenty, the proportion increased to four fifths. The left over, the dismissed, which are vulgarly called *the dry fruits*, are almost all assiduous clients of tobacco shops.

The researches made in 1879, by Dr. Coustan, in the military

and polytechnic schools of Saint-Cyr, of Saumur, in the naval school at Brest, in the normal superior school, in the engineers' school, and in a great many lyceums, confirm, in a distressing manner, the observations of Dr. Bertillon.

Here is the cause which drains, in our nineteenth century, the source of great men. To behold all the luxury of instruction by which, in our days, youth benefits, it appears that the age of genius had arrived, and that we ought to behold it resplendent everywhere. But, on the contrary, never were times so sterile in intellectual triumphs since the epoch of the *renaissance*.

Our old academicians would say to you that for thirty years they are more and more in trouble, when they have to find men of some scientific value to fill the vacancies which death causes annually in the midst of the forty immortals.

The penury of great talent is felt in all the branches of human understanding. Hardly anything is produced in all those centers of instruction and light, created at great expense by the state, where so many young and rich intellects come to be enlightened, which have not already felt the hereditary weakness by which the coming generations will be fatally afflicted.

Is it not lamentable to behold thus etiolating, in the sterility of narcotism and ending in premature death, so many original intellects, well cultivated, full of life, bounding in enthusiasm towards the heights of human knowledge? Hardly have these favorites of study touched the depths of science and the difficulties of art, than they appear to fail in their tasks, by organic debility or by nervous exhaustion, which are the too frequent consequences of the use of tobacco.

II.

Such are the effects of tobacco upon our intellect. They are grave, indeed, for they shackle or paralyze in man one of his highest prerogatives—his artistic and literary faculties. But this degradation is nothing, compared to the disorders which narcotism produces in our moral sense.

Moral sense is the crowning of all human perfections, the most subtle emanation of our organism, the manifestation, *par excellence*, of the soul. It is the faculty bestowed on man to

distinguish good from evil; it induces love for the one and detestation for the other.

From the moral sense emanate all our social qualities—justice, kindness, clemency, and charity. Its maxim is: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

If the moral sense existed in all men, as it reveals itself, or as it is conceived in the perfection of type, order and peace would reign on earth. The first son of man, Cain, provided with moral sense, would not have slain his brother Abel, and would not have transmitted to his progeny the somber instincts of murder. But, in all that is human, regularity and disorder are closely related one to the other; and the moral sense which is, among all our innate and acquired perfections, the most fragile, the most changeable, is also the one which modifies itself more easily under the influence of all perturbing agents of the brain.

See, for instance, anger, which results but from the momentary impression of the soul; it paralyzes all the inspirations of the moral sense, when it bursts. It makes, in an instant, the most honest, the wisest, the calmest of men, senseless, insulting, and murderous.

And if, ascending to the external causes of material disturbances, alcoholic intoxication, for instance, we look for the effect it produces on the moral sense, we see that it paralyzes, enchains it to such a degree, that the intoxicated man, having no more consciousness of himself, of his dignity, of his duties, lowers himself to the last limits of degradation and crime.

And what is narcotism of tobacco, if not the slow, continued, chronic intoxication, which, acting at once upon all the nervous centers, must produce inevitable troubles in the moral sense, as it produces in all our other sensitive faculties—special intoxication, which does not manifest instantly its demoralizing effects, because man can not push it to the extreme limits where it misleads him, without exposing himself to death, by sudden poisoning?

If narcotic inebriation is less demonstrative, less noisy in its effects, than alcoholic intoxication, it is not less profoundly disorganizing and demoralizing. What one does by intermission and by access, the other does by slowness and continuance.

Narcotic or *nicotinous* intoxication darkens the character of

man; it fades the freshness of his youth, in overturning in him, by a sort of permanent aberration, all the inspirations of the moral sense. It substitutes, for instance, hate for love, egotism for generosity, rancor for clemency. It misleads reason in the discernment of good and evil, so that, in its caprice, it often takes one for the other.

Modern pathology, which registers all these formerly unknown anomalies, designates them under the name of nervosism—nervous state, neuropathy proteiform.

It is a general sickly state, undetermined, nervous, characterized by the most varied troubles in the intelligence, organic sensibility, movement. Nervosism is less acute than chronic. It varies from nervous teasing, which is its first symptom, to the most numerous and grave functionary disorders.

It is the uneasiness and moral impatience, fatigue of everything, indifference to everything. They are the smotherings, palpitations, nervous coughing, hallucinations, and insomnias. They make of the unfortunate *nicotiné* not only a hypochondriac, but also a hysteric; for he has all the cortege of symptoms that constitutes this sickly state, which would seem to belong but to woman, and which also is called, in her, nervous attacks, vapors.

This state of uneasiness, the consumers of tobacco themselves perfectly describe.

When this question is put to them, "Why do you smoke?" they almost all answer: "I smoke to divert myself." Others will say: "I smoke to ease myself."

They feel, then, weariness and fatigue—these youths, these grown men, who are under the domination of tobacco.

To weary and be tired, when in the full bloom of youth! To weary and be fatigued, in the society of a young woman that one has chosen as a life's companion! for one smokes in household intimacy. To weary and be fatigued, when one escorts a charming young girl, to whom one speaks of union and of the future! for one smokes when he promenades in public with his affianced. To weary and be fatigued everywhere and always in the midst of life, where man has many more satisfactions than miseries!

No! this is not a normal state. Here are the symptoms of a physical and moral malady.

From these grow the eccentricities of character, monomanias, lucid follies, of which the most varied and original types are found among smokers.

It is to this category of the degenerated that Dr. Trélat alludes in his *Treatise on Lucid Follies*, when he says: "We desire above all, that these eccentrics should be known, to avoid their alliance; for their alliance with us perpetuates them among us, saddens the most intimate joys of home life, deprives the family of its right to have worthy heirs, of its hopes and its duty to give to the state worthy citizens."

Everywhere the attention of doctors is directed, nowadays, to authenticate these maladies of an entirely new order.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, in his clinic on nervous maladies, of which he is specially in charge, at the Philadelphia hospital, remarks that these affections become more and more frequent; and that, contrary to what should exist, on account of the difference of constitution between the two sexes, they are infinitely more numerous and more grave in man than in woman. And, like ourselves, he does not hesitate to attribute their most direct cause to the effects of tobacco, of which the fair sex, who respect themselves, and above all the American ladies, have enough taste and reason not to use any, under any form whatsoever.

III.

It is by the alteration of the moral sense, under the influence of all the nervous troubles of which I have just spoken, that man feels dying out in him the aspiration to live, which is so imperative in all beings, and which constitutes the instinct of personal conservation.

To love life, to cling to all its asperities, to all its bitterness, sooner than die, is nature's law. And suicide, always meriting blame, would not be admitted but in these supreme moments of existence, where man, pushed by a sentiment of honor, yields to the need of death, to avoid shame or infamy. Suicide could be better conceived among those feeble-minded beings who, lacking in courage to bear deceptions in their affections, or ruin in their material interests, prefer rather not to be than to suffer.

Herein lay, in times past, the ordinary and almost justifiable

Deep pity merged in love's resistless might,
With brain on fire, and passion-drunk, can see
In this green wave only a path to thee!
Death in thy great blue eyes to death invites,
And beckons to a world of new delights,
Where our freed souls on tireless wing shall trace
The boundless paths of farthest-stretching space
While sleeps our mingled dust through death's long dreamless
night.

Who would believe that these verses, so correct in their meter, so full of sentiment, were the improvisation of the last thoughts of a lunatic who was to drown himself? And why? For the love that he felt for a dead girl he had never known.

Here is how long files of suicides pass daily before public curiosity, without our being able to explain why so many people kill themselves. In fact, if much is ever talked about them, but little is cared; because it is a general belief that life, belonging but to him who enjoys it, he is free to dispose of it at the impulse of his caprices or his follies.

But moral laws and religion have less indulgence. They proclaim that man belongs to humanity, to society, to his family, before belonging to himself; and they reprove, with reason, all the attempts he makes against his life.

If the degeneracy, by the fatal cause which we insist upon signalizing, the narcotism of the nervous system, was not in the order of our century, the principles which morals and religion teach against suicide would still have root in our heart. They would raise the courage of man disgusted with life by adversity and deception; and this mania to destroy one's self, so against nature, would disappear from among us.

But this mania increases in the same proportions as the vicious habit from which it derives its cause—the use of tobacco. And the statistics teach us that the annual average of suicides, which was, for France, from 1825 to 1830, 1,739, gradually arrived to 4,157 for 1870; to 5,617 for 1874; and to 6,624 for 1878.

In these frightful numbers of suicides, account is kept only of those who came to their death by instantaneous results. No mention is made of unsuccessful attempts at destruction, which are almost as frequent as real suicides.

And, inversely to the statistics of other centuries, suicide is

✓four times as frequent among men as among women, always for the same reason, that women do not indulge as men do in narcotic intoxication, which drives to disgust of life.

This mania of suicide tends greatly, to-day, to invade the army, which consumes as much tobacco as it has the privilege of purchasing at reduced rates—that famous *Caporal* tobacco, so pleasing to the *palais blasés*, which strikes so well on the brain, because it is made principally from the nerves of the leaf, where concentrates, during the process of desiccation, the greater part of the sap charged with nicotine.

It is thus, that in full peace, when the life of the soldier and of the officer is easier than it ever has been, cases of suicide are so frequent among them, that the minister of war had to put to the order of the day for the army, these weaknesses, dishonoring for a soldier, declaring that any man under the flag guilty of having voluntarily killed himself, should be buried during the night, without military and religious honors.

IV.

These destroyers of their existence by suicide, who are in society a lamentable anomaly, are not enemies against whom it has to protect itself; they kill themselves without injuring any one, and all that one can do is to pity, without condemning them, for their death punishes them enough for their weaknesses.

But by the side of this type of the insane, whom aberration of the moral sense, under the narcotic influence of tobacco, pushes to kill themselves, there is another order of degenerates, a great deal more frequent, and a great deal more to be feared, whom the same aberration impels to kill others.

It is through these, deprived of human qualities, that comes to the nineteenth century the shame of confessing that, in spite of civilization, and its progress by education, morals, religion, art, industry, and commerce, the tide of criminality rises and rises always, and overflows the levels of the worst times of the middle ages.

Statistics furnish us these statements; functionaries of justice reveal them to us:

In 1844, a banker was assassinated by his son, in the small city of Pontoise, near Paris. It is in this trial, so sadly famous,

that a magistrate frightened the public conscience by this astounding revelation: "France, in ten years, has seen committed ninety-five parricides! What has become of the spirit of family, in such a society; and what sinister causes can thus multiply to this degree, the examples of a crime formerly almost unknown?"

So, in 1844, all that was exceptional and strange in criminality, was already attributed to *unknown causes*, which were qualified as *sinister*.

In March, 1870, the guard of seals, in his report to the emperor, on the general matter of the administration of criminal justice, concluded thus: "It is evident that there is manifested a progression of criminality, such as to preoccupy all who co-operate in the work of justice, or who consult it as a revealing symptom of the moral state of the country. But law and repressive justice have but a limited action. It is the duty of all enlightened men to favor the propagation of the sentiment of duty and honor, which are the true guaranties of morality, when they are maintained by instruction, by the education of the family, and religion. The active and incessant co-operation of public forces and private devotion, can only tame the manners, and struggle against the ascending march of crime."

The report of the minister of justice states a fact which strikes every one, and which is to be deplored; it is the constant succession of these great crimes, where man, obedient to the same instinct as wild beasts, kills for the pleasure of killing; rushes, with all the cruelties of his instincts, on society as on a prey, and, burdened down with murder, comes cynically to justice saying: "Yes, I have killed; kill me in my turn."

Ask him why he committed the crime? Most of the time he does not know the cause, or he tries to discover it in the most futile of reasons. He is like those unfortunates of whom I have just spoken, who kill themselves without knowing the reason why.

So it is that justice, which, to give a foundation to its arrests, seeks always the reasons of crimes, not discovering real causes, often mitigates its severity against criminals whom it can not acquit as fools; for, apart from their fatal tendency to murder, by depravation of the moral sense, they are in full possession of lucidity of mind.

The specialty of these criminals, of modern origin, would seem to require from society and from our laws an exceptional classification and legislation, to punish and repress their perversity.

But instead of punishing, would it not be better to reform and prevent? And it is here that society, instead of beholding in this sort of criminals but an innovation, an anomaly, should trace this evil to its most exceptional cause. And, it is here also, that it could ask itself, as every one does: What sinister causes can thus multiply, to this degree, the examples of crime without parallel in former times? And, the cause being known, it would only require to extirpate it by the root; in virtue of this axiom: *Sublata causa, tollitur effectus*: Remove the cause, and the effect will disappear.

In the report of which I just have spoken, the minister of justice, considering these causes as of purely moral issuance, makes, to close the abyss, an appeal to family education, to the counsels of religion, to the dissemination of good examples, by abnegation, by love, devotion; by all which constitutes virtue. And he seems to despair of punishment as a preventive means.

But our youth has nourished itself abundantly, for centuries, on all that the minister counsels. These crimes, however, do not come essentially from the lack of education or from ignorance; for they spring out equally from all the centers of society. It is not then in moral order only that the causes should be sought; we must go lower down to find them; they must be studied in physiological order, that is to say, in the organism.

Physiological order reposes in the body as moral order reposes in the soul. In other terms, when the organs are in a normal anatomical state, the soul, which is the consequence of their harmony, is perfect; and the moral sense, which is but one of the manifestations of the soul, is also perfect.

In our manners and in our institutions, we subordinate too often matter to the soul; we too much neglect the body to cultivate the mind. The administration seems to occupy itself considerably with public hygiene; but, absorbed by generalities, it is often indifferent to the most important details.

It watches infancy; it institutes the infant shelters, asylums, orphan homes, for those who are wanting family assistance.

It has a legislation to protect young workers against the harshness or cupidity of patrons who would be tempted to abuse their physical forces.

Public ordinances forbid coffee-house keepers to receive in their establishments boys of less than eighteen years of age. There are laws which punish drunkenness; police regulations close, at certain hours of the night, liquor saloons. All this is, without doubt, very conducive to morality; but, notwithstanding all, the moral level does not seem to ascend; on the contrary, it descends—it descends always.

Why? It is that the administration, careful as it is to protect infancy and youth against the breakers which may injure them, preserves them from Charybdis but to be wrecked on Scylla.

The breaker on which infancy and youth wreck themselves is the tobacco shop. When coffee-houses and drinking saloons close, this does not cease to attract the passer-by, by the almost sinister light of its red lantern. It is always open, at all hours, and to clients of all ages. It is here, that too often the child brings to the treasury of the state, in exchange for the most violent of poisons, the cent which charity has given him to buy a piece of bread.

Formerly, the few children who smoked hid themselves for the purpose. It seemed they were conscious of doing a shameful action. But to-day, you see them in groups in the squares, in the streets, in public establishments. They are from eight to twelve years of age, and rival one another, as by an apprenticeship, as to who can support most proudly the narcotic nausea of tobacco. At sixteen, they have become masters; they smoke in the company of men, and assumingly boast of their stamp of virility by the elegance with which they manage the cigarette, the cigar and pipe, without scorning the chance to chew.

Also, what handsome men, what robust fellows will they make! At the age of life where the appetite is more developed, when the digestive forces have need of all their energies to furnish the body, by alimentation, the elements of its growth, tobacco brings its narcotic perturbation into the organism.

It is there, the *sinister unknown* which legislators and moralists search for, to explain the many social anomalies which flow

over us! Then, in fact, commence the physiological disorders, which are the prelude and nearest cause of moral disorders.

The young smoker loses his appetite, consequently eats less.
✓ He is delicate; his tastes are capricious; he forces himself more than he satisfies a desire. When he has eaten, be it on account of the absence of salivary juices, which frequent expectorations have abstracted; be it by the inertia of the stomach, he falls into a state of more or less complete dyspepsia; and, his nourishment becoming insufficient and imperfect, he ceases to grow, for a while. Here he is already degenerated in form; and here, also, is one of the most powerful causes of the diminution of stature in our modern society.

✓ Physical degeneracy will alone cause moral degeneracy; for here is a natural law: when man shrinks in one of his two elements, body or mind, he deteriorates as fatally in the other. This truth finds its demonstration in idiots, *cretins*, and in sickly persons.

To whatever social class they belong, these young subjects, devoted to the use of tobacco, impoverished in their physical qualities as in their intellectual and moral faculties, lose successively all their energies; ardor for work and love of study vanish in them. They have not that ambition innate in all youth, when entering upon life, to create for themselves a position, a rank, by a mechanical, artistic, or intellectual profession. In the numbness of their organism, they become incapable of all serious application. What they are in search of, is repose ✓ and vague revery, without aim, which are the two manifestations of narcotism.

If they are so fortunate as to possess a patrimonial estate, already acquired, they dissipate it, or manage it badly; and if they have none, they are unable to find in themselves the means of honorably providing for their subsistence.

It is then, that these drones of the human beehive, who have ✓ always kept themselves aloof from work, awakened by the sentiment of necessity, wish to take, among the fortunate of this world, a rank which they could not conquer by rendering themselves useful. They pose themselves as outranked, as unappreciated, as disinherited by injustice or by the ill-workings of social institutions; and, from parasites on society, they become its enemies.

It is in these brains, closed to just ideas, and where still ferment some intellectual forces in delirium, that develop, in the confusion of good and evil, all those theories subversive of social order in its material and moral bases.

Many among these eccentric dreamers anticipate from the triumph of their ideas a better position. These are dangerous only through the ascendancy they have over masses of individuals as degenerate as they, whom they mislead.

Others, less platonic in their aspirations, are tormented by the demon of covetousness; every thing they see belonging to others causes them envy; and they wish, by all means, to appropriate and to enjoy it.

In these natures, which are for the society which produces them an humiliation and a danger, it often requires but a few years of the degrading effects of tobacco on their organism to sterilize and destroy all germs of humanizing qualities that civilization, family education, school teaching had implanted in souls primitively pure, and to lower them by degeneration to the vilest instincts of the ages of barbarism—robbery and murder.

It is in this category of the degenerate that are found vagabonds, sharpers, thieves, forgers, assassins, who, in our days, come in such great numbers to bring their tribute to what we call the always ascending flow of criminality, and who frighten us so often by the horrible details of their crimes.

Let us follow in the courts of justice those deprived of moral sense, which their perversity pushes to cut in pieces the bodies of their victims, to better conceal their misdeeds.

Among so many manglers of women, who stain with blood the judicial annals, look at Barré, aged twenty-five years; at Lebiez, aged twenty-four—the one a notary's clerk; the other a medical student. They jointly assassinate, in Paris, a poor dairywoman, in order to rob her. They kill her; the one with a hammer, the other with a stiletto, at the residence of Barré, who had ordered her to bring to his room four cents' worth of milk. Then, the plot over, trial shows them to us, leisurely smoking their pipes, face to face with this corpse, to find in their diabolical imagination the most practical means of getting rid of it.

They first separate the members of their victim, of which

they make two packages, which they carry to a furnished lodging-house, where they engage a room, and where they never appear again. They then pile the head and the body into a trunk, which Barré dispatches by railroad, as baggage, for Le Mans.

On the days of expiation, they stand at the bar of justice, with an assurance and cynicism which would make one believe that they are not conscious of the enormity of their crime. They reproduce before the magistrate the scene of assassination; and when they had terminated this horrid pantomime, Barré, looking at his accomplice, said to him: "You do not hate me for having denounced you?" Lebiez, shrugging his shoulders, replied: "No, I do not hate you more; let me have a chew."

"Let me have a chew!" These five words, are they not a revelation of the remote causes of this great crime, when one asks himself as did, during the trial, the prosecuting attorney: By what mystery have these young men, who belonged to honorable families of Angers, who completed their studies at the lyceum of that city, thus cultivating their minds and their hearts—by what mystery have they become, in a few years, such perverted men?

No, never would justice have cut off these two heads, if the tobacco which Barré and Lebiez had commenced to smoke at the lyceum of Angers, effacing, little by little, their natural aspirations for study, work, and good; if the tobacco, say I, had not misled them, later, into the *estaminets* of Paris, where nicotism, perverting their moral sense and drying their hearts, finished by destroying in them all human sentiment.

And Menesclou, who has recently been executed in Paris! He is a boy of twenty years of age, emaciated by nicotine. He lives, with his father and mother, in a house containing more than a hundred tenants. One day, while his parents are absent, he entices into his apartments a little girl of four years. He kills her. He hides the corpse in the straw mattress of his bed; and when the mother, who, at the disappearance of her child, suspects a crime, enters to hunt for her in his room, he smokes leisurely his cigar and says to her: "Oh, hunt for your little one; you will well see that I haven't her. What do you think I should do with her?"

Night passes. Menesclou sleeps on the corpse; and in the

morning, when his parents leave for their daily occupations, he lights the fire, cuts the child into pieces, and is going to destroy by fire the traces of his crime.

But the bones which crack under the chopping-knife, the rattling noise, and odor of burning flesh, attract the attention of the neighbors. They force open the door, and they behold Menesclou, with a cigar in his mouth, in shirt sleeves, and with a kitchen apron on. He was stirring up, in the stove, the intestines and head of the poor little one.

In different parts of the apartment were found more than forty pieces of the child's body. The monster had in his pockets the two arms of his victim.

That which demonstrates in this miserable fellow how much the alienation of the moral sense coincides with the perversion of instincts, is that when he knew he was suspected of the most atrocious of crimes, he poetized and rhymed; he appeared to make to his conscience the confession of his crime.

Under the impression of all the horrors that he had just committed, he wrote these four lines in his memorandum book:

I have seen her, I have seized her;
I blame myself now;
But fury intoxicates me,
And happiness lasts but an instant.

It is when the crime is ended, when this miserable boy should have but one thought—escape from punishment—that he denounces himself in four rhymed lines in which he confesses all his atrocity.

Justice has done its work! All these heads cut off—will they inspire terror? Will they arrest, by the fear of chastisement, the Billoir, the Vitalis, the Louchard, the Prevost, the Barré, the Lebiez, the Menesclou, to come, in this path of crime, which we see widening before us every day?

No! For reason, instruction, and example have no more power over the alienation of moral sense than they have on the alienation of intelligence. And, it is to the most direct cause of this two-fold insanity, tobacco, that society should look for all these anomalies which afflict and dishonor it.

Huart, the parricide of twenty-four years of age, who killed his grandmother to rob her, and who has just suffered the ex-

✓ treme penalty of the law at Angoulême, asked to smoke his cigarette before mounting the scaffold.

Yes, it is in nicotine that is all the mystery of these great crimes. For, when from the scaffold the bodies of these criminals arrive at the amphitheater, physiologists, psychologists, might well search in the deepest folds of their organs—they can not find any vicious original conformation which could have been the irresistible and fatal cause of their inclination to murder. But that which invariably comes out at all inquests, ✓ is that these criminals were great consumers of tobacco. And the alteration which is often beheld is one of the effects of nicotism; it is the atrophy or softening of the brain.

Menescloû's was so softened that doctors declared that if his sentence had been postponed for eight days, sudden death would have relieved him from execution.

If it were only in France that these great criminals abounded, it could be said that it is the consequence of a certain peculiarity of our civilization, of our political state, or of our customs, from which other societies are exempt. But criminality reigns everywhere; it exhibits its hideous progress among all the populations of Europe and America, without respect to legislation, religion, and manners.

It becomes so frightful that, while in France philanthropists speak of arresting it by suppressing the death penalty, which they consider an example calculated to incite to murder, the better-judging people of Switzerland, where the scaffold has been abolished, demand its re-establishment, as a means more efficacious than clemency to inspire a horror of bloodshed.

And if this overflow of crime is, for all countries, a contemporaneous plague; if it is everywhere an exception to the grand law of human morality, which, instead of diminishing, should progress, it is for the reason that in all countries it has a common cause, the same exceptional agent of degeneracy and of demoralization. And this agent should be sought for, above all, in tobacco, which alone is our error, our modern mania. For it is with this poison that during a half century, an ✓ immense part of humanity saturates itself in considerable quantities.

This conclusion is rational; because true pathologic facts demonstrate that poison, of whatever nature it may be, is the

most powerful destroyer of all life, and still more so the greatest perturbator of all the harmony of our organism. And it is thus, that besides the most varied types of physical degeneracy, it also causes that moral deterioration which is called criminality.

And as the rule of all degeneration is to perpetuate and aggravate itself hereditarily, the coming generations will have a great deal more to suffer than we do by these human defects, which we already behold in our present youths, where are found so many that are refractory to all education, so many insubordinate to parental authority, so many who revolt against society and law.

It is this class, dispossessed of human qualities, which constitute in the United States a new species of evil-doers that are called hoodlums. They range from ten to twenty years. They are organized in bands, headed by chiefs. They defy and check the police of all large cities, filling the houses of correction, everywhere insufficient to contain them.

The type of the United States hoodlum is found in the bands of young rowdies on which the police of Paris raid from time to time. They figure in the annals of criminal justice and celebrated cases under the denomination of the Gelinier band, or of the Black Caps; of the Green Cravats of Argenteuil; of the Cotton Bonnets; of the Black Coats, etc. The most monstrous gang was the Assommoir's gang, which imbrued Montreuil with blood. Its chiefs, Abadie and Gilles, were nineteen and sixteen years of age respectively; Farigoule, nicknamed *Passe-partout*; and Claude, aged fifteen; Charton, aged thirteen.

What a future awaits society where youth offers so great a number of types of such profound degradation?

V.

These monstrosities of which I have just spoken, and which are the effects of narcotism in the individuals whose moral sense it has perverted, are but few among many examples of the great law of the degeneration of man, under the influence of tobacco.

These maniacs of suicide or of murder have been degraded but in one part of their moral qualities. In them, intelligence has suffered but little. And as long as these murderers have

been able to hide their crimes, nothing in their relations with the world would make one believe their perversity.

But the intoxication by tobacco does not limit itself to making monomaniacs, originals, eccentrics, and monsters; it makes fools, when its action is more profound, more continued on the nervous system, according to the impressibility of subjects, their idiosyncrasy or their disposition of mind.

Insanity is one of the greatest evils, at least one of the most apparent, which the use of tobacco has spread in our modern societies. The thousands of infirmities which it causes in our organism hurt but the individual on which they develop themselves. Whatever be the organ ruined by nicotine, the stomach, lungs, heart, bladder, the invalid, at the end of resistance, dies, and all is ended. For he alone was enduring the pains which he voluntarily brought upon himself.

But the lunatic is without consciousness of his degradation and of his miseries. He no longer belongs to himself; it is not he that suffers. He has become the sorrow of his family, a burden to society, of which he sadly affects the gaze by the exhibition of so much human degradation, and of which he compromises the security, by the loosening of all evil passions which intelligence and reason no longer dominate in these miserable degenerated beings.

Before the reign of tobacco, insanity was a rare sickness among mankind. The pagans considered lunatics as possessed of evil spirits, which substituted themselves for their souls, in their bodies, which they drove by malice to every disorder.

These same beliefs prevailed in the epochs of ignorance and superstition. Only instead of evil spirits, they interposed, to explain insanity, the demon Satan; that unity that reigns in hell was substituted to the plurality of evil spirits, as the unity of God, in heaven, was substituted to polytheism. Under the impulse of these beliefs, the treatment of insanity consisted principally in certain religious practices in which were used holy water, the signs of the cross and prayers, to produce what is called in theology, exorcism; that is to say, the expulsion of the demon and the return of the soul into the body of the creature which it had abandoned to make room for Satan.

Then, the lunatic had many privileges which to-day are not accorded to him. He was as something venerated in the

family; they had for him the respect due to misfortune; for he was considered as the slave of the demon, awaiting daily his deliverance by a celestial favor. Moreover, the number of fools was so limited that they were allowed to wander at liberty in the midst of the people. Only the most violent, the most dangerous, were received in hospitals, where a special department was provided for them.

But the number of these unfortunates increases in such a degree, under an entirely modern influence, that society was alarmed, and felt the need of taking measures, as much in the interest of these poor creatures as to withdraw from the gaze these afflicting spectacles of the fall of humanity.

In 1838, was created, for all France, ten special establishments; but the inmates of these asylums increased in such rapid proportions, that, one after the other, nearly all the departments had established their own asylum; and their insufficiency permits a number of private establishments to be opened beside them.

From the statistics, there existed in public establishments, in 1835, 10,500 lunatics; in 1845, 17,000; in 1855, 24,000; in 1865, 31,000. Moreover, in private were counted 53,000; which makes a total of 84,000; to which should be added 41,000 idiotic cretins. All these lunatics are treated in ninety-seven establishments, existing in France since 1861.

I could not give a more striking idea of the excessive development of insanity than in recording what I ascertained in California, where I practiced medicine for a long while.

This country, which scarcely counts thirty years of existence, with a population which does not exceed six hundred thousand inhabitants, of which the half are under twenty years of age, has already two large public institutions, Stockton and Napa, which daily become more and more insufficient to contain the immense number of lunatics which arrive from all parts of the state. And San Francisco alone would sufficiently supply one of them, so great is the number of these unfortunates which the press daily presents to the eyes of readers. The other states of the Union are not any more free from this scourge than is California.

And, if from the United States one would glance at Canada, it will be seen that there insanity makes more ravages, above all

among those remnants of French colonists which have been separated from the mother country, to pass under the English dominion, after our maritime reverses, at the end of the reign of Louis XIV.

The French race, which has spread its roots to the Pacific coast, to Columbia and Oregon; this race, whose nervous organization renders them more accessible to vegetable poisons, etiolates itself and languishes, to-day, instead of multiplying and spreading.

During my passage in this ancient French colony, in 1875, the insane asylums of the great cities were so crowded that it was necessary to have recourse to prisons, to give shelter to so many unhappy creatures degraded in their intellect.

Those who feel afflicted at the idea of so much human misery hidden as in so many prisons, behind the walls of these special establishments, barred by iron, as if they contained criminals or wild beasts, frequently ask, From whence comes so rapid and regular an increase of insanity, which makes, for example, the number of insane in France, in 1870, four times greater than it was in 1830? From whichever side they hunt the cause, they can but find it in the consumption of tobacco, which increases with the same regularity, and in the same proportions as the number of fools.

Here is, according to official statistics, the progression of revenue on tobacco and the number of lunatics, in round numbers:

Year.	Revenue—Francs.	Lunatics.
1820.....	64,000,000.....	3,000
1830.....	67,000,000.....	7,000
1840.....	95,000,000.....	13,283
1850.....	122,000,000.....	20,061
1860.....	195,000,000.....	28,761
1870.....	244,000,000.....	38,999
1877.....	330,000,000.....	46,026
1880.....	344,000,000.....	52,440

By considering such striking proportion between the presumed cause and the effect, we are as much forced to admit that tobacco must be the origin of the greatest number of cases of insanity, as that while its use spreads, the primitive and natural causes of this affection considerably diminish.

These truths, doctors do not cease to repeat to whomsoever

wishes to hear them. But, unfortunately, academic discussions which would confirm the advice doctors give separately to the world, against the use of tobacco, have too little echo among us. They are dead letters, which are, as soon as they are born, buried in scientific bulletins which are never read.

So, since 1865, Dr. Jolly, in a memoir in the Academy in Paris, said: "To-day it is no longer permitted to place in doubt the part which tobacco takes in the progressive development of mental diseases; and more especially of that form of insanity so vaguely known under the title of general and progressive paralysis—a sickness which, for many years, has multiplied itself in such a manner to incumber, from all parts, hospitals and insane asylums."

I cite this authoritative opinion of an academician, as I could cite many others, the better to show that I am not the only one to fight, with all the efforts of my conviction and my long experience, this formidable enemy of humanity.

And if we penetrate still deeper into the mysterious effects of the poison, among those ruined by tobacco, we would arrive at an explanation, a cause for this great calamity which becomes more and more frequent among us—SUDDEN DEATH.

VI.

Never were we more afflicted than in our days by these long enumerations of *sudden deaths*, which are found in the sensational columns of all journals. And when the reason of so many deaths against nature is looked for, the only one given, which is most often stated, is that those who succumb were great consumers of tobacco. If the true cause of these unexpected deaths, which are counted to-day by thousands, was better known, the fear of meeting the same fate would cool considerably, in their passions, the adorers of tobacco. But so ignorant are we of the destructive power of nicotine, that we generally attribute these deaths against nature to natural causes, as apoplexy or the rupture of an aneurism; and nevertheless the autopsy does not reveal any of the material disorders which these two accidents leave in our organs.

Among the unfortunates who succumb in this way, we should suppose that the force of elimination, which daily struggles against the poison to destroy it, coming for a moment to weaken,

the nicotine, with which they are saturated, retakes it rights, overflows all nervous centers, and kills as it would if it suddenly invaded the organism, for example, by means of a puncture under the skin.

I say that smokers are saturated with nicotine; it is a fact ✓ which is proved by the odor, *sui generis*, of this poison which their breaths and perspiration continually exhale.

It is the same phenomenon which renders repulsive the breaths of alcohol-drinkers and eaters of garlicks and onions, who exhale by all their pores these nauseous odors, several days after they have been absorbed.

It is on account of this saturation, that the blood of tobacco-consumers suffers a notable alteration, which Dr. Melier has ✓ observed among the workers in tobacco factories, in an official inquest which the government demanded of the Academy of Medicine, in 1843.

It is on account of this same saturation, that the saliva of smokers, as has been shown by experiment, by Claude Bernard, at the College of France, kills animals into whose blood it is injected.

It has also been seen, that bites of smokers occasion death as suddenly as would the arrow of the Indian, or the envenomed tooth of the serpent.

In all these sudden deaths, which could be called NICOTINOUS apoplexies, the victims fall as if thunderstruck, presenting symptoms the same as those of animals on which the terrible ALCALOID of tobacco is tried in the amphitheaters.

Here is what was revealed to me by some of the victims of those strange deaths, in whose cases the stroke was not strong enough to induce instant death, and where the sufferer could speak:

These patients, who in appearance enjoyed good health, although smoking considerably, could account for all they experienced. They fell down as if a hammer had struck them on the head. They felt themselves dragged into a vertiginous vortex, where they rolled around with all the objects which they seemed to think they were grasping.

After this first sensation, which lasted for some time, feeling returned, but the vertigo continued with a delirium which is en-

countered oftener in lunatics than in the organic sicknesses of the brain.

These patients die after an agony of several days in the midst of all the symptoms of the last degrees of the progressive paralysis of lunatics from the effect of nicotism, which always coincides with a softening of the brain.

I know of some of these unfortunates who survive all these violences of nicotic apoplexy. They are in the most deplorable state that can afflict a human being. Paralyzed in their movements, as in their intelligence, without speech, they cause the desolation of their families, and the despair of science, which can do nothing against such profound alteration; for nicotine, in impregnating their blood, has softened their brain and the marrow in the spinal column.

VII.

The softening of the nervous pulp is one of those afflictions which can be called contemporary; and it has attracted the attention of modern doctors, by the frequency of its appearance and the ravages it causes in our society, which it invades with a rapidity equal to the invasion of the passion for tobacco.

He, whose brain is softened, being an entity of more recent creation than *le petit crevé*, is not the less a reality, though perhaps as frequent and more miserable in his type. If the one amuses us, the other grieves us.

LE PETIT CREVÉ is the child that wishes to be a man before his time; he is the dry fruit of humanity, destined to perish before being ripe.

The RAMOLLI, on the contrary, has seen blossoming in all its vigor the flower of his youth. He has had his spring-time, his summer; his life was full of labors and fruits for society. He did more for others than for himself. He served his country in public employments. He has, by his genius, enlarged the limits of science and art. His constitution, primitively vigorous and well cultivated, if nothing had come to fatally alter it, would have made him leap over with ease and joy, the last two resting places of life—maturity and old age—these golden ages where man gathers in happiness, in consideration, in dignity, all that he has sowed by work and good in his active existence.

But what organization would be powerful enough to always resist the deleterious action of tobacco? As the drop of water, which falls, with time wears away the rock, so the atom of poison which daily infiltrates into us, in the form of smoke, ✓ opium, arsenic, or nicotine, whatever be its name, wears away our organism and destroys one by one all its energies.

And it is thus that founder in the full force of life, from forty to fifty years, these vigorous natures endowed with brilliant faculties and profound conceptions.

One day, it is perceived their character changes, that they are less gay, less talkative. It is necessary to repeat the words that they seem not to clearly understand; to remind them of recent facts which they seem to have forgotten. When they have not been seen for some time, we say of them with expression of sadness and astonishment: "Oh, how old he has grown!" It is a matter of fact that they rapidly advance to decay. ✓ Once their vigor is entered upon, this robust constitution, which during twenty years, during thirty years, resisted the action of tobacco, gives way, as the bank of a river, which the water has long left intact, and which it drags along as soon as it could break a part of its surface.

So we behold them declining daily. They are softened, as is vulgarly said of them, among the people. And this epithet is well chosen, for their rapid decline coincides always with a softening of the substance of the great nervous centers which ✓ are the supports of our soul and of our life.

Here are the greatest evils of tobacco, which we need to know better, and meditate over more. They equal in intensity the violence of the poison of the fashionable plant which appears to be the delight of our century. /

I often hear said by those who honor me, by reading and judging my works: "All that you write and all that you say is ✓ substantially true; but perhaps you exaggerate."

When, in 1876, appeared my *SOCIAL PHYSIOLOGY*, which is the most complete work which has ever been written on this important subject, the press of France also taxed me with exaggeration, when, in speaking of the ravages of tobacco in the army, I reproached the government for stupefying in nicotine, all the *élite* of the nation that pass through the barracks,

under pretext of tempering its virility, and which, on the contrary, only enfeebles and etiolates it.

And yet it has come about that to-day the doctors of the army interest themselves, in their turn, on this great question of hygiene and military morality. They afford to the concourses of our society against tobacco, pamphlets, memoirs, where they record, with all the authority of their position and of impartial judges, the most conclusive facts against this fatal habit of tobacco.

Among others, Dr. Bodros, major doctor of the forty-seventh regiment of the line, refutes these old military prejudices, which represent the pipe as valuable to divert the soldier and to prevent his sicknesses. Among other pictures of the defects of tobacco, he shows us, above all, those guard-houses, those vast halls of the barracks where men would have just enough air to breathe if it were pure.

These men, tired by the exercises of the day, lie down to rest. But before falling asleep, they take what I would call their soothing potion—that delicious tobacco, which they use in quantities inversely proportioned to the cost, which is almost nothing.

Under the double influence of the pipe, they smoke, and in the poisoned atmosphere, almost without oxygen, which they breathe, they sleep a lethargic sleep, which, instead of resting, tires and unnerves them; and on the morrow the less robust, prostrated by so mistaken a hygiene, instead of going to the drill, go to the hospital.

And thus they introduce into their constitutions, by nicotinous poisoning, all those maladies that make, to-day, the mortality of the army, in which are united the strongest vitalities of the nation, to far surpass that of the classes least favorably situated in regard to the power of living.

Let them not tax any longer with exaggeration true and incontestable ideas and facts, which have no other wrong than to abruptly and unexpectedly cause a revolution in the beliefs of two centuries.

I say two centuries, for two centuries ago tobacco was already condemned and abandoned, as we ask that it should be condemned and abandoned to-day.

I understand that it is embarrassing for the adorers of the holy herb, which number one fourth of mankind, to sacrifice their belief to truth; to break their idol and to acknowledge a dangerous enemy in that which they always believed to be a benevolent friend.

But, whatever may be the sway of fashion and the misleading of passion, the truth of science will always triumph over legendary errors.

And this great curse of tobacco will cease when all its partisans and its consumers, who ignore what it is, will learn that it hides under its seductions the most deadly of all known poisons—NICOTINE—which degenerates man, demoralizes society, lowers nations, as it lowered Spain, that first believed this gross mystification of the panacea of the Indies, which was nothing else than a legacy of the malediction and vengeance of the redskins to those who were the invaders of their territory, and the first exterminators of their race.

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